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SCENE IN A SCHOOL ROOM.

See p. 7.

HOLIDAY STORIES;

BY

D C Jewett

MANY PICTURES.



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SCENE IN A SCHOOL- ROOM.

[The idea of this trial is taken from an old English book, called "Juvenile Trials," where the offences committed by the scholars at an academy, are represented as having been investigated and punished in a similar manner. There is an article of the same character in the Evenings at Home.]

WHILE the pupils of a celebrated school in one of the interior towns in New England were busily engaged in the studies of the morning, a loud and rather impatient knock was heard at the door.

The lad, whose seat was placed nearest the entrance, rose, and opened the door; and immediately an elderly gentleman entered. With an excited manner, and hardly noticing any one in the room, he made his way, quite as fast as was strictly proper, toward the upper end of the hall where Dr. Aiken, the gentleman who presided over the school, was seated.

Dr. Aiken arose at the approach of the gentleman, reached him a chair, and begged he

would be seated ; but the stranger declined the offer, and proceeded at once to declare the object of his visit, in the following manner : —

“ I thank you, Dr. Aiken, for your politeness, and I really wish that the boys over whom you preside behaved as boys having the advantage of such an example might be expected to do ; but I am sorry to say that these lads —— ”

A profound silence prevailed all over the room, the boys most anxiously awaiting the charge that was about to be brought against them.

“ My dear Mr. Danforth,” mildly said Dr Aiken, “ of what do you complain ? What have these boys been doing ? ”

“ They have been committing a great offence ; they have been trespassing upon private property, sir ; and if there is law or justice in the land, they must and shall be punished for it.

“ You may not be aware,” continued Mr. Danforth, “ that the windows of your school-room, or academy, as I believe it is the fashion to call it, look directly out upon a small field at the back of my house. Now, in this field, Dr. Aiken, are at present enclosed a few sheep : they are my property, sir : why they are there, or what I intend to do with them, I do not

feel obliged to say. But this morning, sir, early, these poor animals were annoyed by a most unmerciful shower of missiles, consisting of stones, coal, and other hard substances, which endangered their lives, and alarmed my family ; and it is of this I have come to complain, and for this, I hope the offenders will be brought to condign punishment ; and if the individuals who were guilty of the offence should not be discovered, I hope the whole school will be subjected to punishment, that the person guilty of this enormity may by no means escape.”

“Before proceeding to such lengths,” said Dr. Aiken, “I should prefer taking milder measures. We have lately instituted in our school a high court of justice for the trial of all offenders ; and this seems to be a very proper occasion for ordering a session. I therefore appoint, Wednesday afternoon following, a court to be holden in this place for the investigation of this affair ; and if you, sir, will appear with your witnesses and counsel, I hope you will have no reason to complain of the result.”

Mr. Danforth, who was really a mild and excellent man, and had begun to get rid of the momentary anger with which he entered the room, expressed his willingness to submit to

this method of obtaining redress ; and bidding Dr. Aiken a polite good morning, and returning with a gracious nod of the head the united reverence of the boys, who, after the respectful manner of the olden time, rose in their seats as the stranger left the room, he withdrew.

On the Wednesday afternoon following, the school-room was open, and the furniture arranged as nearly as possible to resemble that of a court-room. A seat, a little elevated, was placed for the three judges, who had been selected and balloted for by the boys, and approved by the master. A box was prepared for the witnesses, and seats for the counsel, and arrangements were made to accommodate the numerous spectators, who, from the novelty of the scene, this being the first trial of the kind which had taken place in the village, felt desirous to be present. All the seats were filled at an early hour.

At precisely three o'clock, the judges, Charles Mason, Theodore Carrol, and John Marshal, entered, and walked in a grave and proper manner up the hall, and took possession of the chairs prepared for them as judges ; and William Stentor, having previously been chosen crier, opened the court in the regular manner.

A lad of the first class, named William Buchanan, who had been, with great unanimity, selected for attorney-general, now rose, and addressed the assembly as follows : —

“ I have no doubt this whole assembly sympathizes deeply with me in the extreme regret I feel, as a member of this long-established and justly-celebrated school, that an occurrence like the one which now calls us together should have taken place ; that we, who under the care of our respected principal, and our honored assistant teachers, have been favored with every opportunity for improvement, not only in the languages, the mathematics, and all other branches of a classical education, but also have had instilled into our minds the most correct notions of moral rectitude ; that boys so situated should be accused of the nefarious crime of intruding upon the quiet of a neighbor’s house, and not only this, but of barbarously, wantonly, and most atrociously frightening, disturbing, hurrying, and perhaps even wounding, a flock of that most gentle and inoffensive race of animals — the sheep. It cannot be true that such a crime has been wantonly committed by any member of this favored community. There must be some mistake. Some error has

thrown upon this school the blame of an action, the very imagination of which fills one's mind with horror. The blame now rests where I feel confident it ought not to remain. The affair is a subject of deep interest, not only to our worthy neighbor the complainant, but to ourselves. Let us, then, with all diligence, give our attention to the investigation of the affair; let witnesses be called and examined on each side; and it is my earnest hope and belief that every shadow of blame may, in the course of this investigation, be removed from each member of our beloved community. On account of our youth and the great solemnity of an oath, I shall so far depart from the usages of courts of justice as not to cause the witnesses to be sworn; but I charge you, gentlemen, by the high principles of honor which have ever been known to prevail in this school, each one of you who may be called to testify, that in your evidence you give the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. With the leave of the honorable court, I will now call on the complainant, Jedediah Danforth, to state his case, either by himself or his counsel."

The attorney now sat down, and Mr. Dan-

forth rose and addressed the court as follows :—

“On the morning of March 6, of the present year, 18—, my family, for some reasons which it is unnecessary to detail, had risen rather later than usual. We had not entirely finished breakfast at a quarter before nine. All at once we were startled by an unusual noise in the field immediately adjoining the house. At first it seemed like a shower of stones; then followed a most sonorous cry from all the sheep, expressive of deep distress.

“The family all rushed at once to the window; and the haste in doing this was so great, that the breakfast table was overturned; the china broken; the coffee and water urns emptied upon the carpet, to its manifest detriment; the rolls, butter, sausages, and other appendages of the breakfast table, mingled together on the floor; and a favorite dog, who was often engaged in guarding the sheep, but at this moment happened to be reposing under the table, was seriously alarmed, and even injured, and sent forth a most piteous yell, which added to the distress and confusion of the occasion.”

The complainant proceeded:—“We went

toward the window, and saw the sheep huddled together in a corner of the field; and on the ground were several pieces of coal of the anthracite kind, some pieces of stick, and a large strip of bark. As no windows open on this field but those of the school, we of course turned our eyes toward that building, and saw at the window three or four lads; but they immediately disappeared, and the casement was shut. A few moments after, the school-bell began to ring. From the hour of the day when the assault took place, we supposed no one could be in the room but the boys; from the circumstance that the missiles found in the field were of coal, bark, and other materials similar to what is made use of for fuel in warming this school; from the fact that the window was seen to be open, and the boys were noticed skulking away; — from all these circumstances, I felt then, and still feel — what I have no doubt this examination, if fairly conducted, will make plain — that this most barbarous, unprovoked, and savage attack on these harmless sheep was committed by some of the lads who attend this school.”

Mr. Danforth was then desired by the court to produce his witnesses. He was prepared;

and Emeline Gadsby, his cook, and Julietta Danforth, his niece, with two or three other members of his family, gave full evidence of the fact of the shower of missiles, the distress of the sheep, the alarm of the family, the upsetting of the breakfast table, the injury done to the dog; of the window of the school having been seen open, and of their having seen several heads, which were hastily withdrawn, before the window was closed.

The evidence on the part of the complainant being closed, the solicitor called the witnesses on the part of the school.

Henry Benedict was first called forward, and after having been cautioned to be very careful to give a full and impartial statement of all he knew of the matter, he spake thus :—

“ I was monitor for the week, at the time this unfortunate affair took place. As the weather is cold at this season, it is the custom for the school to be opened half an hour before the time of the bell ringing, that the boys, as they arrive, may find a shelter from the weather; and it is the business of the monitor to be present and keep order. On the morning alluded to, I came punctually, but, on entering the room, found the fires were not

kindled, and the windows were still open, it being the custom to leave the upper windows open at night, that the room may be thoroughly ventilated. The night previous to this affair had been snowy, and I perceived that considerable quantities of snow had collected on the seats directly before the window, on the side of the room nearest to Mr. Danforth's field. But as my seat was on the opposite side of the room, and as I had not quite committed my lesson, I took but little notice of the matter, but seated myself in my own place, and wrapping myself in my cloak, to protect myself as far as possible from the cold, I proceeded to study my lesson, now and then looking round, and trying to keep the boys as quiet as I could. At this time I saw two or three boys come in: one of them was the lad to whom a seat belonged which had the largest pile of snow in the room, drifted in upon it. I heard a pretty loud talking for a minute or two, saw the boy who had been making the fire go up toward the snowy desk: in a moment the window was shut down, and the school-bell began to ring. The business of the school soon commenced, and I thought no more of the occurrences of the morning until

the visit of the complainant caused me to endeavor to recollect them as nearly as possible."

ATTORNEY.—"Who was the lad whose seat was covered with the largest pile of snow, and to whom you just alluded?"

"Alfred Wingate, may it please you. This is all I know of the matter."

ATTORNEY.—"Alfred Wingate, give your evidence."

WINGATE.—"I suppose it is unnecessary to repeat what Benedict has just detailed respecting the state of the school-room on the memorable morning. It is sufficient to say, that his account, according to the best of my recollection, is correct in every particular. I hope the court will not insist on my repeating the expressions I made use of on finding my seat so covered with snow: they were uttered in haste, and under great excitement, and not to be entirely excused. It was a natural impulse, as the court will allow, for me to endeavor to clear my seat as soon as possible. I immediately called on the sweeper, who had just made the fire, to assist me. In his haste to comply with my request, he brought the coal-hod, which he had just been using, in his

hand, and some of the snow being scattered on the floor, causing it to be slippery, he fell, and emptied the coal, which remained in his hod, into the midst of the snow-bank. This added to our vexation. But as soon as he had recovered his footing, we procured a shovel, and cleared the bench as fast as possible, throwing the snow out of the open window. We had but just done the business, and closed the window, when the school-bell rang. This, gentlemen, is all I know of the matter. And is the act of removing the snow from my seat one which I could have avoided? The admixture of coal and bark was altogether accidental; and, far from having committed the act with any intention of injuring the sheep of the complainant, I had been too much vexed with my own personal inconveniences to think of him or his sheep from the beginning to the end of the matter."

ATTORNEY. — "What other boys were with you at the time?"

WINGATE. — "I do not recollect any but a small boy — Charles Hewins."

Wingate then sat down, and Hewins was desired to tell what he knew of the matter.

CHARLES HEWINS. — "The morning the

difficulty happened, I had come to school quite early; and it was partly because I had a nice new mahogany ruler, which my father had given me, and which I wanted to show to some of the boys. As Wingate has always been very kind to me, I ran up to his seat first with it; but I found him in a great pet at having his seat covered with snow; and just as I was holding out my ruler, the sweeper, who had just come toward us with the coal-hod in his hand, slipped down, and striking against my ruler, knocked it out of my hand. I began to cry and try to find it in the snow; but Wingate was in such a hurry to clear his seat, and the sweeper in such a fright, and suffering such pain from his fall, that neither of them paid any attention to me. I ran to the fireplace, and got a piece of bark, to poke about in the snow for my ruler; but I could not find it, and in the hurry they knocked the bark out of my hand, and began to shovel the snow and coals out of the window; and I have never seen my dear, nice ruler since. I am sure, if Mr. Danforth's sheep were hurt by it, it was no fault of mine, for I wish I had it now." Here the poor little boy's sobs interrupted him, and he was forced to sit down.

The sweeper, James Grimes, was now called. He testified that at a rather later hour than usual, he went to make up the fire in the school. He had been but recently employed in this way, and he was fearful that he should not be able to give satisfaction. In consequence of the heavy snow which had fallen the night before, and which was still falling in the morning, he had not completed, so early as usual, his preparations for making the school fire. This accounted for his being rather late. He had some difficulty in kindling the fire, not having been much accustomed to the use of the coal called anthracite. [Here the witness was proceeding to detail the method he had employed; but the court checked him, and desired him to confine himself as much as possible to the circumstances connected with the case under consideration.] The witness begged pardon of the court, and proceeded: — “I had just finished making the fire, and the hod was still in my hand, when I was called on by a young gentleman, the one I see yonder, (pointing to Wingate,) to come and assist him in clearing the snow from his bench. This I hastened to do; but, on reaching the spot, I tumbled down, my foot

having slipped upon the floor: at the same time, the coal-hod fell from my hand, and some pieces of the coal, which had remained in it, mingled with the snow, which, as soon as I recovered my standing, I assisted the young gentleman to throw out of the window. There was a little boy near us who was crying, and said he had lost his new ruler among the snow. But we did not see it; and, in fact, before we got the snow thrown out of the window, the school-bell began to ring, and I retired."

Here the complainant was asked whether he had picked up any of the articles thrown at the sheep.

The complainant produced a mahogany ruler, which he said he found among pieces of coal, bark, and snow-balls, in his field, on the morning of the attack. The ruler was shown to Charles Hewins, and he was asked whether he had ever seen it before.

HEWINS. — "Indeed, it is my own capital new ruler, which I never expected to see again; and if your honor will examine closely one end of the ruler, you will see a little sliding piece of wood, which will draw out, and underneath which is my name, neatly printed "

Here the examination was made, and the sliding piece of wood having been removed, the words "Charles Hewins" were plainly seen.

The witnesses on both sides having now been examined, the senior judge, Charles Mason, rose and addressed the assembly as follows : —

"Having patiently listened to all the evidence which has been brought forward on each side of this intricate case, I think we may venture to refer it to the jury. If they shall find that the attack on the sheep, though painful to the animals, and distressing to their protectors, had been the result of accident, and had not happened through any malicious intention or wicked device on the part of any one; and if they find that this attack must have proceeded, without doubt, from Master Wingate and the sweeper; yet still, on examination, the jury should be convinced that they had acted as discreetly as, under all circumstances, they could have been expected to do; since, considering the lateness of the hour, which made it impossible to take the snow down stairs in a basket, or other conveyance, it was most natural they should find relief in throwing it out of the window, par-

ticularly as the sash was thrown up ; — if, taking all things into consideration, they shall feel obliged to give a verdict against the defendants, yet I hope they will make the damages as light as possible.”

The jury retired for a few moments, and, on coming in, the foreman said that they found the defendants, Alfred Wingate and James Grimes, guilty of a trespass on the sheep of Jedediah Danforth ; but as the offence was altogether unintentional, they recommended them to the mercy of the court.

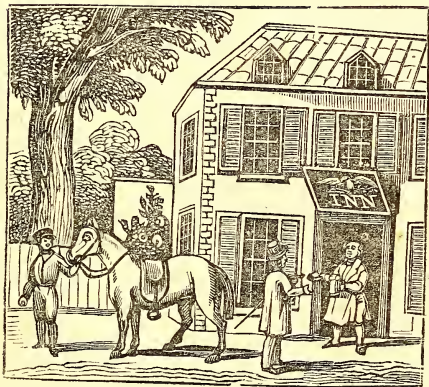
The judge, after some conversation with the other members of the bench, ordered that the defendants make a visit to Mr. Danforth, and apologize to him in the most polite manner for their attack on his sheep, and assure him that, so far as they were concerned, he might feel assured his sheep should in future be as secure as when disporting themselves in the sunny glades of Spain, if they were Merinos, or when roaming over the happy hills of New England, if they were native sheep.

Mr. Danforth expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the manner in which the affair had been investigated, and its result. He felt

perfectly sure that the attack was purely accidental, and, to prevent all further trouble or delay, he would shake hands with the defendants on the spot, and exonerate them from all future blame. He also should be happy to return to little Hewins his ruler, and wished him much pleasure from its use. He thanked the court for the great attention they had paid to his complaints, and declared it to be his firm determination to send his children, grandchildren, and all over whom he had any influence, to a school where such exact justice was administered, and where such a high moral sense prevailed.

The chief justice then made a short address to the assembly, thanking the masters for their kind countenance, and the boys for the propriety of their conduct, and added the expression of his own personal satisfaction that the investigation of the affair had terminated without any injury having been done to the character of the school.

So the court adjourned.



THE THREE WISHES.

A FAIRY TALE.

IN old times, when people sometimes had visits from angels, when they thought they were only receiving strangers, it happened that one of these good beings found himself out rather late ; and it grew dark before he could reach a tavern. As he travelled along, he came to a place where there were two houses, directly opposite to each other. One was large and beautiful ; the other was small, and looked poor : one belonged to a rich, and the other to a poor man. The traveller said, " I shall be no burden to the rich man ; I will knock at his door." The rich man, when he heard a knocking at the door, opened the window, and asked the stranger what he wanted. The traveller answered, " A night's lodging." The rich man looked sharply at the traveller, and, because he saw he had poor clothes on, and

did not appear as if he had much money in his pocket, shook his head, and said, "I cannot take you in; my chambers are all strewed with herbs and seeds, and if I took in every one who knocked at my door, I should soon have to take a staff, and set out begging for myself. You must look somewhere else for a lodging." He slammed down his window, and left the poor traveller standing without. The traveller turned round toward the little house and knocked. This he had no sooner done than the poor man opened his little door, and begged the wanderer to come in and spend the night. "It is very dark," said he, "and you cannot go any farther to-night." The traveller was pleased, and went into the house. The wife of the poor man reached out her hand, bade him welcome, and begged him to make himself at home. She had not much to give, but what she had she gave with her whole heart. Then she put some potatoes in the fire, and while they were roasting, she milked her goat, that he might have a cup of milk with his potatoes; and when the table was prepared, the traveller placed himself at the table, and ate and praised the supper. When he had eaten, and it was time to go to bed, the

wife whispered to her husband that they would make themselves a bed of straw for the night, that the poor tired traveller might rest upon their bed, for they had but one. The man said, "With all my heart," and he begged the stranger to lie down on their bed and rest himself. The traveller did not wish to deprive the poor people of their bed, but they urged him so much, that at last he consented, and laid himself down, while the good couple slept on the straw on the floor. The next morning they got up before day, and prepared breakfast for their guest. When the sun shone into the window and the traveller had got up, he ate again with them, and wished to go on his journey. But as he was standing at the door, he said to them, "You have been so kind and good to me, that if you will wish three times, your wishes shall be granted." Then the poor man said, "What should I wish for but eternal happiness, and that we two, as long as we live, may have our daily bread. For the third wish, I do not know what to ask." The traveller said, "Would you not like a new house, in exchange for your old one?" The man said, "If this could come to pass, I should like it;" and immediately this wish was fulfilled;

the old house was changed to a new one, and then the traveller went his way.

When the rich man looked out of his window in the morning, he saw a new house standing opposite, in place of the old one. He rubbed his eyes, called his wife, and said, "Wife, look here; see what has happened; yesterday evening there stood opposite a miserable hut, and now here is a fine new house; run over and find out how it has happened." The wife went to see her poor neighbor, and asked her what it meant. The poor woman told her, that they gave a poor traveller a night's lodging, and that when he bade them good by, he granted them three wishes — eternal blessedness, their daily bread, and a new house for the old one. When the rich man's wife heard this, she ran back and told her husband. He said, "I could tear my hair, I am so vexed with myself: if I had only known who the stranger was, I would have taken him in; but I turned him away." "Make haste," said his wife; "get upon your horse; the man has not gone far; you will overtake him, and he will give you your three wishes."

The rich man rode forward. He overtook the traveller, spoke kindly to him, and told

him, he hoped he would not be angry that he did not take him in the last night; that he went to look for his door key, and that while he was gone the stranger went away; but he hoped when the traveller returned from his journey, he would stop at his house. "Well," said the traveller, "if I return, I will stop."

Then the rich man asked if he would be so kind as to grant him his three first wishes, as he had done his neighbor. "Yes," said the traveller, "I can grant them to you; but they will not do you any good, and you had better not form them." But the rich man thought he should certainly wish for something that would be very delightful, if he were only sure that his wish would be granted. "Ride home," said the traveller, "and the three first wishes which you make shall come to pass."

Now the rich man, as he was riding along, began to think what he should wish for; and while he was thinking, he dropped his bridle, and the horse began to spring, so that all his thoughts were jumbled up, and he did not know how to get them in order. He grew angry with his horse, and said impatiently to the animal, "I wish your neck were broken." No sooner was the word spoken, than, plump!

down he fell to the ground ; and there the horse lay, and never got up again ; the man's wish was fulfilled ; the horse's neck was broken. He thought he would not leave the saddle there ; so he cut it off the horse's back, swung it on his own, and went towards his home on foot. He was comforted, however, with the thought that there were still two wishes remaining. As he trudged along over the sand and the noon-day sun scorched him, he grew hot and impatient, and could not fix in his mind what he should wish for. " If I were to wish for all the kingdoms in the world and all their treasures, there would still be something that I should want ; I will wish in such a manner that there may be no other thing I could desire. One thing would be too little, another too much." While his mind was so disturbed, he thought of his wife. " There she sits," said he, " in her cool parlor, dressed in her best, while I am tugging along this heavy saddle." This made him feel cross, and without thinking, he said, " I wish she was sitting on this saddle, instead of its breaking my back !" No sooner had he spoken, than the saddle vanished from his back, and he recollected that two of his wishes were spent. Now

he grew very impatient ; he began to run, and he resolved he would sit down by himself at home and think over his last wish, and have that so good, that it might make up for what he had lost by making the other two so hastily. But when he reached his door, there sat his wife on the middle of the saddle ; she could not rise up from it, and was weeping and wailing. Then said the husband, “ Be quiet, wife ; I will wish you all the kingdoms in the world, only sit still.” But she answered, “ What good would all the kingdoms in the world do me if I must sit always upon this saddle ? You have wished me upon it ; you must wish me off again.” Whether he would or not, he was obliged to make the third wish, that she should be freed from the saddle ; and this was quickly fulfilled. So he had gained nothing but vexation, trouble, and a dead horse. But the poor couple lived contented, quietly, and piously, to the end of their lives.



THE YOUNG DRIVER.

THE YOUNG DRIVER;

OR, THE GIG DEMOLISHED.

YE heroes of the upper form,
Who long for whip and reins,
Come, listen to a dismal tale,
Set forth in dismal strains: —

Young Jehu was a lad of fame,
As all the school can tell;
At cricket, ball, and prison bars,
He bore away the bell.

Now welcome Christmas time was come,
And boys, with merry hearts,
Were gone to visit “dear mamma,”
And eat her pies and tarts.

As soon as Jehu saw his sire,
“A boon, a boon,” he cried;
“O, if I am your darling boy,
Let me not be denied.”

“ My darling boy, indeed, thou art,”
The father wise replied ;
“ So name the boon ; I promise thee
It shall not be denied.”

“ Then give me, sir, your long-lashed whip,
And give your gig and pair,
To drive along to yonder town,
And flourish through the fair.”

The father shook his head. “ My son,
You know not what you ask ;
To drive a gig in crowded streets
Is no such easy task.

“ The horses, full of rest and corn,
Scarce I myself can guide ;
And much, I fear, if you attempt,
Some mischief will betide.

“ Then think, dear boy, of something else
That's better worth your wishing ;
A bow and quiver, bat and balls,
A rod and lines for fishing.”

But nothing could young Jehu please,
Except a touch at driving ;
'Twas all in vain, his father found,
To spend his breath in striving.

“ At least, attend, rash boy,” he cried,
“ And follow good advice,
Or in a ditch both gig and you
Will tumble in a trice.

“ Spare, spare the whip, hold fast the reins
The steeds go fast enough ;
Keep in the middle, beaten track,
Nor cross the ruts so rough.

“ And when within the town you come,
Be sure, with special care,
Drive clear of sign-posts, booths, and stalls,
And monsters of the fair.”

The youth scarce heard his father out,
But roared, “ Bring out the whisky.”
With joy he viewed the rolling wheels,
And prancing ponies, frisky.

He seized the reins, and up he sprung,
And waved the whistling lash ;
“ Take care ! take care ! ” his father cried
But off he went, slap dash.

“ Who’s this light spark ? ” the horses thought
“ We’ll try your strength, young master ;
So o’er the rugged turnpike road
Still faster ran, and faster.

Young Jehu, tottering in his seat,
Now wished to pull them in ;
But pulling, from so young a hand,
They valued not a pin.

A drove of grunting pigs before
Filled up the narrow way ;
Dash through the midst the horses drove,
And made a rueful day ; —

For some were trampled under foot,
Some crushed beneath the wheel ;
Lord, how the drivers cursed and swore,
And how the pigs did squeal !

A farmer's wife, on old blind Ball,
Went slowly on the road,
With butter, eggs, and cheese, and cream,
In two large panniers stowed.

Ere Ball could stride the rut, amain
The gig came thundering on —
Crash went the pannier, and the dame
And Ball lay overthrown.

Now through the town the mettled pair
Ran rattling o'er the stones ;
They drove the crowd from side to side,
And shook poor Jehu's bones.

When, lo ! directly in their course,
A monstrous form appeared ;
A shaggy bear, that stalked and growled,
On hinder legs upreared.

Sideways they started at the sight,
And whisked the gig half round ;
Then cross the crowded market-place
They flew with furious bound.

First, o'er a heap of crockery ware
The rapid car they whirled ;
And jugs, and mugs, and pots, and pans,
In fragments wide were hurled.

A booth stood near, with tempting cakes
And grocery richly fraught ;
All Birmingham, on t'other side,
The dazzled optics caught.

With active spring the nimble steeds
Rushed through the pass between,
And scarcely touched ; the car behind
Got through not quite so clean.

For while one wheel one stall engaged,
Its fellow took the other ;
Dire was the clash ; down fell the booths,
And made a dreadful pother

Nuts, oranges, and gingerbread,
And figs, here rolled around ;
And scissors, knives, and thimbles there
Bestrewed the glittering ground.

The fall of boards, the shouts and cries,
Urged on the horses faster,
And as they flew, at every step
They caused some new disaster. —

Here lay o'erturned, in woful plight,
A pedler and his pack ;
There, in a showman's broken box,
All London went to wrack.

But now, the fates decreed to stop
The ruin of the day,
And make the gig, and driver too,
A heavy reckoning pay.

A ditch there lay, both broad and deep,
Whose streams, as black as Styx,
From every quarter of the town,
Their muddy currents mix.

Down to its brink, in heedless haste,
The frantic horses flew,
And in the midst, with sudden jerk,
Their burden overthrew.

The prostrate gig, with desperate force,
They soon pulled out again,
And at their heels, in ruin dire,
Dragged lumbering o'er the plain.

Here lay a wheel, an axle there,
The body there remained ;
Till, severed limb from limb, the car
Nor name nor shape retained.

But Jehu must not be forgot —
Left floundering in the flood, [eyes
With clothes all drenched, and mouth and
Beplastered o'er with mud.

In piteous case he waded through,
And gained the slippery side,
Where grinning crowds were gathered round
To mock his fallen pride.

They led him to a neighboring pump,
To clear his dismal face,
Whence, cold and heartless, home he slunk,
Involved in sore disgrace.

And many a bill for damage done,
His father had to pay :
Take warning, youthful drivers all,
From Jehu's first essay.

Mrs. Barbauld



See page 42.

A FABLE.

“WHAT a wearisome life do I lead here!” said a little fountain to itself one day, as it bubbled up in the middle of a very small green spot in an unfrequented part of a burning desert. “What an insignificant little fountain I am! I have not the satisfaction of pouring out a large stream of water and fertilizing a great extent of this endless desert. If I were, then I should see whole caravans of men, and horses, and camels, stop around me, and quench their thirst, and repose their weary limbs upon the fresh green grass that would spring up about me. To be sure, it is green as far as I can see, for I am such a very little stream that my vision extends but a very little way; but I know enough, to be sure that it is but a very little space that my waters can make green and keep moist.”

As the little spring was bubbling out in a low tone these lamentations, she heard a bustle

and a noise at a distance, and presently the cry of "Joy! Joy!" was heard. As the sound came nearer, there appeared a party of travellers, consisting of an elderly gentleman and lady, a little boy, and two servants, who were assisting the gentleman to support a young girl, who seemed to be fainting from fatigue, or some other cause. The little boy reached first the borders of the spring, and rushing up to the little fountain, quenched his thirst at the pure source, and ran back to meet his party, crying out, "Cheer up, sister; here is a sweet fountain, and a nice little bed of green grass just big enough for you to lie down upon." The party now came up; and having placed the young lady on the grass, and sprinkled her face and moistened her lips with the water, she opened her eyes, and by degrees regained strength, and was able to support herself.

By this time the remainder of the party came up, which consisted of horses, servants, and camels, furnished with all the usual appendages of caravans in the desert. As soon as they stopped, and had quenched the thirst of the men and the beasts, they spread a cloth, and arranged a meal, which was eaten with good relish by all the party, and by none with a

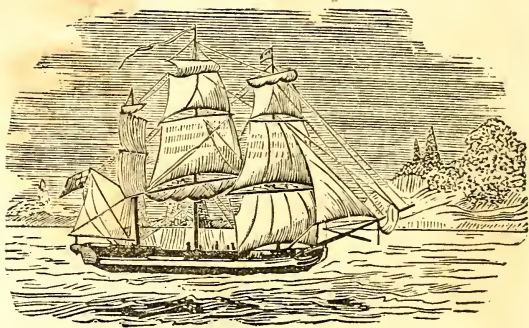
better than the young lady, who had now entirely recovered herself, and was able to take her part in the gay conversation.

From this conversation, which was gay now that the dangers were all over, the fountain learned that the party, in crossing the desert, had wandered from the usual path which led by one of the large springs, in consequence of their having heard that there was a party of Arabian robbers in that neighborhood. Their trusty guide, who knew perfectly all the parts of the desert, was acquainted with this little fountain, and had ventured away from the beaten track that they might elude the robbers. The path proved longer than they had expected, and the young lady, who was rather delicate in health, had become almost exhausted when they reached the welcome spring in the manner I have just related.

After having refreshed and rested themselves, the party resumed their journey, and reached the end of it in safety. They never ceased to remember with gratitude the little spring surrounded with its border of grass; and the young lady, who drew with some skill, made a little sketch of the fountain, which she finished carefully when she reached her own

home ; and it formed a very pretty picture, at which the family often looked with pleasure.

After they were gone, the little fountain bubbled away much more gayly than before. She said to herself, "How glad I am that all the water in the desert was not poured out into the great springs, but that there are some little fountains scattered around, here and there ! And what a happy little fountain I am, that I have been able to give so much pleasure and relief to these good people ! I will never vex myself at my insignificance again, but keep bubbling away as fast as I can, although I only fertilize a very little spot ; since, if I always take care to sprinkle my water about so judiciously as to keep every part of the grass within my reach moist and green, and always have a draught ready for every weary traveller that comes along, I shall do all that is expected of any spring, great or small."



THE FIRST DISCOVERY OF COLUMBUS.

“THE howling winds forbid us
To trust the fatal main ;
O, turn our wandering vessel
To harbor once again.

“ Why to this bold Italian
Our lives, our hopes confide ?
No golden land awaits us
Beyond the shoreless tide.

“ How long shall he deceive us
With boasting vain and loud ?
And when we gaze for land,
He can show us but a cloud ! ”

The gallant leader heard,
But he listened undismayed,
Though he saw their furious glances,
And their daggers, half displayed.

No fear was in his soul,
But his heart was wrung with woe :
Shall he yield before their murmurs,
And his glorious meed forego ?

Had he braved the ocean's terrors,
In tempest and in night,
And shall he furl his sails
With the promised goal in sight ?

For he looked toward the horizon,
And marked the setting sun ;
And by its ruddy light he knew,
That all his toils were done.

'Twas in the deepest midnight,
As they cut the yielding wave,
When not a star was shining,
To guide them or to save ; —

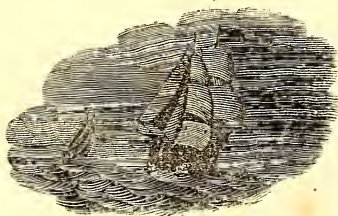
As in awful, hopeless silence,
Their onward course they steer,
Far in the murky distance,
Lo ! glimmering lights appear.

In breathless joy and wonder,
They watch the opening sky,

And with the morning rises
Their rapturous certainty.

Through the silvery vapor gleaming,
Extends the welcome strand ;
And trees, and rocks, and mountains,
Before their view expand.

They breast the foamy surges,
And, shouting, leap ashore ;
While every echo answers,
“ God and Saint Salvador ! ”



GOOD COMPANY.

"BE sure, Frederic, always to keep good company," was the final admonition of Mr. Lofty, on dismissing his son for the university.

"I entreat you, Henry, always to choose *good company*," said Mr. Manly, on parting with his son to an apprenticeship in a neighboring town.

But it was impossible for two people to mean more differently by the same words.

In Mr. Lofty's idea, good company was that of persons superior to ourselves in rank and fortune. By this alone he estimated it; and the degrees of comparison, better and best, were made exactly to correspond to such a scale. Thus, if an esquire was *good* company, a baronet was *better*, and a lord, *best of all*, provided that he was not a *poor* lord; for in that case, a rich gentleman might be at least as good. For as, according to Mr. Lofty's maxim, the great purpose for which companions were to be chosen, was to advance a young man in the world by their credit and interest, those were to be preferred, who afforded the best prospects in this respect.

Mr. Manly, on the other hand, understood by *good* company, that which was improving to the morals and understanding; and by the *best*, that which to a high degree of these qualities, added true politeness of manners. As superior advantages in education, to a certain point, accompany superiority of condition,

he wished his son to prefer as companions those whose situation in life had afforded them the opportunity of being well educated; but he was far from desiring him to shun connections with worth and talents, wherever he should find them.

Mr. Lofty had an utter aversion to *low company*, by which he meant inferiors, people of no fashion and figure, shabby fellows, whom nobody knows.

Mr. Manly equally disliked *low company*, understanding by it persons of mean habits and vulgar conversation.

A great part of Mr. Manly's good company, was Mr. Lofty's low company; and not a few of Mr. Lofty's very best company, were Mr. Manly's very worst.

Each of the sons understood his father's meaning, and followed his advice.

Frederic, from the time of his entrance at the university, commenced what is called a *tuft-hunter*, from the tuft in the cap worn by young noblemen. He took pains to insinuate himself into the good graces of all the young men of high fashion in his college, and became a constant companion in their schemes of frolic and dissipation. They treated him with an insolent familiarity, often bordering upon contempt; but following another maxim of his father's, "one must stoop to rise," he took it all in good part. He totally neglected study, as unnecessary, and indeed inconsistent with his plan. He spent a great deal of money, with which his father, finding that it went in *good company*, at first supplied him freely. In time, however, his expenses amounted to so much, that Mr. Lofty, who kept good company too, found it difficult to answer his demands. A considerable sum that he lost at play

with one of his noble friends, increased the difficulty. If it were not paid, the disgrace of not having discharged a *debt of honor* would lose him all the favor he had acquired; yet the money could not be raised without greatly embarrassing his father's affairs.

In the midst of this perplexity, Mr. Lofty died, leaving behind him a large family, and very little property. Frederic came up to town, and soon dissipated in *good company* the scanty portion that came to his share. Having neither industry, knowledge, nor reputation, he was then obliged to become an humble dependent on the great, flattering all their follies, and ministering to their vices, treated by them with mortifying neglect, and equally despised and detested by the rest of the world.

Henry, in the mean time, entered with spirit into the business of his new profession, and employed his leisure in cultivating an acquaintance with a few select friends. These were partly young men in a situation similar to his own, partly persons already settled in life, but all distinguished by propriety of conduct, and improved understandings. From all of them he learned somewhat valuable; but he was more particularly indebted to two of them, who were in a station of life inferior to that of the rest. One was a watchmaker, an excellent mechanic, and tolerable mathematician, and well acquainted with the construction and use of all the instruments employed in experimental philosophy. The other was a young druggist, who had a good knowledge of chemistry, and frequently employed himself in chemical operations and experiments. Both of them were men of very decent manners, and took a pleasure in communicating their knowledge to such as showed a taste for

similar studies. Henry frequently visited them, and derived much useful information from their instructions, for which he ever expressed great thankfulness. These various occupations and good examples effectually preserved him from the errors of youth, and he passed his time with credit and satisfaction. He had the same misfortune with Frederic, just as he was ready to come out into the world, of losing his father, upon whom the support of the family chiefly depended; but in the character he had established, and the knowledge he had acquired, he found an effectual resource. One of his young friends proposed to him a partnership in a manufacture he had just set up at considerable expense, requiring for his share only the exertion of his talents and industry. Henry accepted the offer, and made such good use of the skill in mechanics and chemistry he had acquired, that he introduced many improvements into the manufactory, and rendered it a very profitable concern. He lived prosperous and independent, and retained in manhood all the friendships of his youth.



THE BAT AND THE WEASEL

A BAT, who, by daylight, sees none of the best,
By chance popped her head in a sly weasel's
nest ;

The weasel, of old, a sworn foe to all mice,
Would have eaten the bat, for a mouse, in a
trice.

“ How dare you,” said she, “ stare me full in
the face,

When so long you have sought to annoy my
whole race ?

Are you not a vile mouse ? Come, the truth
quickly tell ;

Yes, as I am a weasel, I know it full well.”

The bat, quite alarmed, said, “ Your pardon,
I pray ;

But for once, Mrs. Weasel, you're out of the
way ;

Some wicked defamer has given me this name ;
The world's great Creator was not, sure, to
blame ;

For, thanks to his skill, I a bird up can fly ;
All hail to the race who can soar through the
sky ! ”

The weasel was pleased with so proper a reason,
And gave poor bat leave to fly off for that
season.

A day or two after, the bat, without heed,
While flying about, and of eyesight in need,
Found herself, with dismay, in another dark
nest,

Which belonged to a weasel : cried this beast,
“ I detest

The whole race of birds ; and now this one
comes here

To give me a mouthful ; the case is quite
clear.”

“ You entirely mistake me, dear ma’am,” cried
the bat ;

“ I pass for a bird ! Who could e’er fancy that ?
What makes a fine bird but fine feathers, be
sure ;

Now I am a mouse ; may the race long endure !
And woe to the cats, — I with them live in
strife.” —

Thus twice, by her wit, did the bat save her
life.



THE PASTRY COOK.

THE RHYMING PASTRY-COOK.

FROM THE FRENCH JOURNAL DES ENFANS.

ABOUT one hundred and eighty-five or six years ago lived a pastry-cook, whose name was Crepo. He was a gentle, useful creature, honest, but singularly fantastical in his speech. This Crepo, though a very indifferent pastry-cook, never spoke except in rhyme: for example, if he wished to pay a person a compliment, he would say,

“Sir, I salute you without show,
And make my manners, *signed* Crepo.”

This was without common sense, for it is not customary to *sign* a compliment made by the word of mouth; but Crepo did not look at matters so closely; of what consequence was common sense, provided there was plenty of rhyme?

But this Crepo, who, by force of habit, had

succeeded in being able to express himself as easily in wretched verses as another could in prose, had for a neighbor a man named Peter Jaurat, a public writer by trade. Peter Jaurat wrote for all those who did not know how to write: he lent to them his style and his eloquence, receiving in reward a few cents, in short, Jaurat lived upon the ignorance of others; and the number of ignorant was not small, among the people, at that period. Thus the shop of the scrivener was never empty. It was filled with laborers — poor fellows who came, some to beg him to write into the provinces to their families, others for a petition to some great lord, whose protection they were soliciting; one that he would manufacture a song for the birth-day of his mistress, another wished a few couplets for his approaching marriage. Jaurat accommodated them as well as he was able, and all quitted him enchanted with his talents.

One day a certain cook went out of Jaurat's shop, not having found him at that moment within. This cook, perceiving Crepo in his shop, asked if the scrivener would soon come back.

“You ask me, good cook,
When Jaurat, my neighbor,
Shall return to his shop,
And renew his old labor?”

“Yes, sir,” said the cook.
Crepo replied,

“To whom is this clear?
But I tell you, my dear,
Neighbor Peter will come,
When Peter Jaurat,
Returning from far,

In the house of said Peter shall reach his own home.”

It was the first time in her life that the cook had heard such a language spoken. She remained mystified before Crepo, who went on talking to her, without any more hesitation than if he had only been saying *good morning* and *good night*. In her surprise she opened such great eyes, and such a great mouth, that the pastry-cook, thinking she was hungry, said to her,

“I have tarts and sweet cakes,
I have pies hot and cold;
No king’s cook better makes
Than in my shop are sold.
For young girls I have crisp cake,
And sponge cake for all;

My sweets give no toothache,
But are fit for a ball.

Pray enter and eat ; I am Crepo, your man,
And first pastry-cook to the king of Japan."

The *king of Japan* happened here to rhyme with *man* ; but the cook, who knew neither what a rhyme was, nor who the king of Japan was, supposed, without scruple, that the pastry-cook supplied some royal table ; and she entered his shop. But, alas ! how deceitful were the words of Crepo ! The poor man, led on by his rhyme, had announced a hundred more delicacies than his shop contained : in truth, two or three sponge cakes, old and dry as stones, lay scattered about on the empty shelves. The cook thought that the king of Japan must have eaten up all the last baking, for in vain did she cast her eyes every where, and could discern nothing but the above-mentioned sponge cakes. In his strange manner, Crepo related to her by what a succession of misfortunes he found himself the possessor of the establishment of a pastry-cook, without any pastry.

Crepo was naturally a great bragger ; and verse rendering any recital very prolix, we, ourselves, in plain prose, and as briefly as pos-

sible, shall relate how the pastry-cook Crepo came to have no pastry in his shop.

This misfortune was caused by the rhyming mania of the pastry-cook. His servants, men and women, had quitted him under the pretence that he was mad — that they did not understand his *music*. It was thus that these people spoke of the rhyming phrases of poor Crepo.

It may also be admitted that rhyme often drove him to express his orders ill. Thus, if it was necessary to heat the oven in the night, he would say,

“You must heat the oven, I say,
When it is no longer day.”

But, *when it is no longer day*, meant evening rather than night. This was not to fix the hour. He should have said, You must heat the oven at eight o'clock, or at ten o'clock, or at midnight ; but,

“You must heat the oven
At midnight”

made neither verse nor rhyme ; and Crepo was the humble servant of both. Thence came orders badly followed — an oven too hot or too cold, pies which were not baked enough, or

were over-baked. The customers of Crepo abandoned him by degrees : after the customers went the apprentices. In short, Crepo said,

“ A man will ne’er be wretched while he feels
How much one noble verse all pies excels.”

Meantime the cook looked at the rhyming pastry-cook with such a stupid and admiring air, that the worthy Crepo could not prevent a feeling of pride at it ; after which he asked her, still in rhyme, what business she had with his neighbor Peter.

She answered that, finding herself out of a place for the last three days, she had come to request the scrivener Jaurat to make out a list of the gentlefolks she had served, that she might offer it as a recommendation to any new lady to whom she should present herself.

In a moment Crepo took a piece of paper, on which he wrote, after gaining some particulars from the cook,

“ The bearer’s name is Catharina ;
In the kitchen none outshine her.
Clothes she bleaches white as snow,
Quick can iron, neatly sew ;
Thirteen weeks she served with skill
A noble duke named Montreville ;
Then, of Marquises a dozen ;
Next, an opera-dancer’s cousin ;

Then, two judges of the chamber ;
Next, a learned doctor claimed her ;
A bishop, then an admiral ;
Honorable people all.
These will answer, every soul,
She served them well, upon the whole."

Crepo did not think it useful to draw the attention of the cook to certain inequalities in his measure. He only told her that the rhyme had made it necessary for him to place in this certificate the names of several people whose domestic she had never been, but that this sort of thing was excusable in poetry. The cook, whose admiration continued to increase, felt in her pocket for something to pay Crepo for his trouble ; but the honest pastry-cook refused her money, under the pretence that he labored for glory, not for fortune.

The cook quitted him, penetrated with respect and gratitude ; and from this day, thanks to the loquacity of Miss Catharina, the customers of Jaurat came to knock at the door of Crepo. The fame of the rhyming pastry-cook spread for a league round. He was employed to write letters in verse, compliments in verse, and petitions in verse, great and small. But unfortunately, the more customers Crepo had,

the less money ; the more he wrote rhymes, the less he was able to replenish his wardrobe. His ragged clothes became too large for him ; his purse and his stomach were equally empty ; and for this reason, the cook had told her neighbors, her friends and acquaintances, of her luck, and had advised them to go and get Crepo to write their letters, for he did not want them to pay him.

Thus every one hastened to Crepo, who fulfilled gratuitously the functions of a public writer — those functions which Jaurat, on the contrary, exercised to his great pecuniary advantage. Often, poor Crepo, pressed by want, felt some desire to exact a price for his verses ; but he dared not do so, and no one thought of offering him money which he did not demand ; for had he not proudly told the cook, he labored only for glory ?

It was not without some displeasure that Jaurat saw Crepo devoting himself to the trade of a scrivener. He perceived, however, that the poor man was falling more and more into misery, and that a good number of his old customers were returning to his shop, not altogether satisfied with Crepo, who wrote verses, and wrote for nothing, to be sure, but who,

notwithstanding all that, wrote so badly, so very badly, that people were troubled to read his works. Jaurat, as we were saying, perceiving that Crepo was not making a fortune by this trade, and that his own shop was beginning to be well supplied with customers, manifested his displeasure only by raillery upon Crepo's old trade of pastry-cook.

To all the jokes of Jaurat, Crepo only opposed scores of verses ; we will not quote them, they were so wretched. Honest Crepo, who was a very bad poet, upon days when he had a little money in his purse, was a bona fide stupid rhymers on the days when he had not a cent. These days were getting to be more and more common. For food, poor Crepo was obliged to sell his penknife, and Jaurat became the purchaser at a miserable price. In vain Crepo, to soften his fortunate rival, lavished upon him his most beautiful rhymes and his tenderest epithets ; in vain did he address Peter Jaurat as his dear Peterkin ; in vain, by the aid of this infantine and caressing termination, which he added to the baptismal name of the scrivener, did he endeavor to touch his heart with regard to the penknife, of which his extreme misery had compelled him to rob himself ; — Jaurat

remained insensible ; or, rather, he laughed while he was offering three cents for poor Crepo's penknife. Finally, dear Peterkin paid three cents for his poet neighbor's penknife.

This being done, Crepo could no longer make his pens, and found it impossible to write, even badly, the few letters and petitions which he was accustomed to rhyme gratuitously for any poor fellow who came along ; and soon Crepo the scrivener was abandoned by all, as Crepo the pastry-cook had been before. What troubled him most in this business was, not so much that he could no longer write verses, — for there still remained to him the resource of repeating them, — but that he could no longer render services to those people who had so often had recourse to his poetical talents. He was a brave man, this Crepo, and had a good heart. “And here I am,” exclaimed he, with grief, “reduced to the state of not being able to oblige any body.” The excess of his grief made him forget, for this once, to make a rhyme to *body*. Never was a man more desperate.

Because he could not cut his quills, he sold them ; because he could not blot his paper, he sold it : he kept only his inkstand ; and this

because he could not find a purchaser for it. This inkstand was made of horn, and was not worth the hundredth part of a cent.

In the depth of his misery, Crepo resolved to resume his trade of pastry-cook. He covered his head with a cotton cap, which one of his neighbors deigned to lend him ; he tied before him a miserable cloth apron, which he picked up in a corner ; he turned up his sleeves, as he used to do when kneading his paste ; but he wanted flour, water, wood, and fire ; he wanted every thing : he saw clearly that he could do nothing about making pastry, and grieved, empty, and famished, he went to bed saying, —

“With that king of Medina, I am fully content,
Who, fasting, without in his pocket one cent,
Said, while covered well in his bed he reclined,
‘Go to bed when you’re hungry ;’ men sleep when
they’ve dined.”

Meantime Crepo, very little refreshed, slept for an hour, when pains in his stomach awoke him, and he jumped up. The good man then confessed that if sleeping be dining, it is not eating supper ; or if it be supping, it is impossible to sup worse. The pains of hunger made him suffer horribly.

It was night — he arose, dressed himself in his rags, and began to reflect. It is not known exactly how long he remained plunged in these reflections ; but we imagine they were not of very long duration.

The noise of a fiddler made him prick up his ears : he heard the unaccustomed sound of music : soon a gentle little voice cried through his key-hole, “ *Mossiou scrivano publico, Mossiou Crepo, open your door.*” Crepo ran to open it. In the street, on the step of his door, was a child of about 13 or 14 years old : in his hand was a violin, which he employed himself in scraping, at the same time making singular contortions, which almost frightened Crepo. Finally, becoming restored to his usual equanimity, Crepo asked the young stranger, who scarcely discontinued his music, what brought him there at that hour, and what service he could render him.

The child, in his foreign jargon, half Italian and half French, related to the good man that he was employed in the kitchen of Mademoiselle Montpensier, one of the great ladies of the court ; that he was dying of ennui ; that by chance he had found a bad violin ; that, urged to walk by the beautiful moonlight, (the moon

this night was magnificent to behold,) he went into the street with his lucky fiddle ; that, passing through that street, he had seen written on the ex-pastry-cook's door, *Crepo, public writer* ; that this had led him to knock at his door, to desire Master Crepo would draw up for him, immediately, in fine copy-hand, a splendid petition, to present to Mademoiselle Montpensier. He wanted to represent to the lady that he did not wish to remain any longer in her kitchen ; that he felt himself to be a musician. He did not know how to write French, and added that Crepo would confer on him a signal service, by drawing up for him a sort of petition, in which Mademoiselle Montpensier should be requested, in the most humble manner, to make a musician of an unworthy scullion.

Crepo, not without some trouble, at last comprehended what was the matter. "Alas !" said he to the child,

"Alas ! I, little stranger,
Have no paper nor pen,
Nor any thing else
To assist you ; but then
It may be that my friend
Pen and paper will lend."

With two jumps Crepo had crossed the street. The child followed him, fiddle in hand. Crepo knocked gently, saying, 'Neighbor Jaurat.'

The door remained shut.

Crepo knocked louder — "Neighbor Peter!"

Jaurat did not answer.

Crepo knocked twice in succession — "My dear Peterkin!"

He heard the noise of a door opening.

"*Dear Peterkin!*" said he to himself; "this little tender word pleases him; he is going to unlock;" — and, in fact, at this moment Jaurat was turning his key. Crepo said to himself, "I will not ask him for paper, because perhaps he will refuse it. Besides, I have at home some paper which is written only on one side; I will write on the other. I will not tell him that I have not money enough to buy a candle; he will see that I am too unfortunate. I will simply tell him, that" —

The lock turned; the door was opened; but at the sight of Crepo, Jaurat shut his door again, very quickly, grumbling with vexation.

The child and the rhymers Crepo looked at each other in distress.

Crepo began again to say, "Neighbor Jaurat,

neighbor Peter, my dear Peterkin !” After which, to make a sort of rhyme to *Peterkin*, he added,

“ O Peterkin,
Pray let me in.”

There was a little window cut in the wall just over the door of the barrack in which Jaurat lodged, and suddenly Crepo saw a head emerge from this window, and heard Jaurat’s voice asking, “ What do you want, pastry-cook ? ”

Crepo replied,

“ An illustrious epistle
I fain would indite ;
But the wind, with a whistle,
Has blown out my light ;
And throughout my whole house,
Before and behind,
To my sorrow, no pen
And no fire can I find.”

“ I believe you,” said Jaurat ; “ let me go to sleep, and walk off.”

A cloud, which a moment before had obscured the moon, ceased to cover her with its veil, and the queen of night shone out with dazzling brilliancy. One would have said that the light had inspired the poetical genius of

Crepo ; for he placed himself like an actor, with his right hand raised toward heaven, and said, with a slow and sad voice,

“ By the light of the moon,
O Peter, my friend,
One word, just to write,
Your pen, O pray, lend.
My candle is dead,
My fire is no more,
And for goodness' sake, neighbor,
Pray open your door.”

As he finished these words, Crepo, with his left hand, raising the corner of his cotton apron, put it up to his eyes — the good man dried a tear — he wept.

Jaurat, in mockery, answered him in wretched verses, and bad rhymes —

“ To no pastry-cook
Will I open the door,
When he ties on the moon
In his apron before.”

“ What does he mean ? ” thought the affrighted Crepo. “ I wear the moon in my apron ! ” He did not finish ; for, indeed, in his apron he saw an enormous moon — O horrible ! — that is, he saw there a hole, round as a cheese, a rent of such magnitude, that the moon, in

the height of heaven, did not appear either more round or larger.

Jaurat laughed with all his might at the remembrance of the wicked joke that he had just made upon poor Crepo, who was disposed to defend the honor of his apron, when the child seized the astonished rhymers by the hand, and cried out,

“*Ricominciate the song, Mossiou*” — and the child, raising himself on tiptoe, placed the arm of Crepo in the perpendicular position in which it was just now — then again he conjured him most earnestly to repeat the words he had said. — “What words, my friend?” asked Crepo.

“The word *De light of de moon*,” answered the young scullion.

“*By the light of the moon* — willingly, if I recollect it,” answered Crepo, who could not call back, without some trouble to his memory, the preceding strophe, each verse of which he repeated slowly at the prayer of the stranger.

As Crepo repeated a verse, the little musician composed a certain air, which he played on his violin.

When Crepo had repeated all the verses, even to the last line, *Pray open the door*, the

child played alone upon his instrument the air which he had just composed.

This music made such an impression upon Crepo, upon Jaurat, and upon some of the neighbors who had been drawn to their windows by the novelty of the scene, that all, at the same moment, with one accord, began to clap their hands and to sing with all their might the air and the words which have since become so celebrated.

“Au clair de la lune,” &c. —
(By the light of the moon.)

The little musician accompanied them with his violin. The air and the words being finished, Crepo kept on singing, and the neighbors, at their windows, did not cease to applaud, when the young stranger, shaking with one hand his violin over his head, in sign of joy, slid into the rhyming cook's pocket some small change — “*Addio, signor,*” cried he to Crepo, “*addio.*”

As he made this farewell, the little stranger ran away as fast as he could.

The next morning, the same child appeared again at Crepo's shop, and begged him to give him in writing the words of the past night —

By the light of the moon. Crepo, without either paper or pen, could not satisfy the young musician; but the latter, divining the cause of his embarrassment, gave him a purse containing some pieces of silver. Crepo, happy with this treasure, ran quickly to buy paper, pen, ink, and even a penknife. A few moments after, he returned, and leaning on his window-frame, for want of a writing-table, he transcribed the verses, repeating each in a loud tone.

As he repeated them, he could not help singing the air which the young musician had composed to his rhymes the night before. Jaurat, hearing what was going on, went out of his shop, and entering Crepo's shop, said to the stranger, "Sir, should you like also the couplet that I made in answer to my friend —

‘To no pastry-cook
Shall I open my door,’ &c.?”

“No, no,” said the Italian, with a little gesture of displeasure, “*no, no, I do not want the riposta.*”

Crepo was triumphant. “Brave little fellow,” said he, “he does not want the *riposta.*”

Crepo gave therefore to the musician only

his own rhymes. For this reason this brutal answer of Jaurat,

“To no pastry-cook
Will I open the door,” &c.

is known to very few people. They would have perhaps remained in the most profound forgetfulness, if some of the neighbors, who had heard them, had not taken care to repeat them the next day to their friends, who repeated them to their friends in town, who, having become our grandfathers, told it to ourselves in infancy.

A month had not elapsed after this adventure, when a young court page entered Crepo's shop, humming,

“By the light of the moon,” &c.

This young page was no other than the scullion musician; his clothes were all trimmed up with gold. Crepo knew him immediately, and asked him with great interest the cause of his change of fortune. The young page jumped into his arms, and embraced him, the astonished Crepo, that excellent man, who wept with joy in listening, while the page related how every day he played, in the kitchen, the air which he made to the old rhymer's verses; that this air and these words were

repeated in chorus by all the cooks from the highest to the lowest ; that the ears of Made-moiselle Montpensier had been agreeably tickled by this music ; and that, finally, the great lady, having paid attention to the scullion musician, he had been made a page ; and this page had come to thank the scrivener, pastry-cook, Crepo, the first source of his fortune.

From this day the page and the pastry-cook continued to see each other, like two friends. Afterwards, Crepo, enriched by the gratitude of the little musician, quitted his shop ; but they say he never left off rhyming ; and we are assured that the little musician became a great man ; that the little *scullion* was the celebrated *Lulli*, whose magnificent operas are still sometimes played, though by far too seldom.

RUSSIAN NAMES.

BONAPARTE he would set out
For a summer excursion to Moscow ;
The fields were green, and the sky was blue
Morbleu, Parbleu !
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

Four hundred thousand men and more ;
Heigh-ho for Moscow !
There were marshals a dozen, and dukes a
score.
Morbleu, Parbleu !
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow !

There was Junot, and Augereau ;
Heigh-ho for Moscow !
Dombrowsky, and Poniatowsky,
General Rapp, and Emperor Nap :
Nothing would do,
While the fields were so green, and sky so blue,
Morbleu, Parbleu !
But they must be marching to Moscow.

But then the Russians they turned to,
All on the road to Moscow ;
Nap had to fight his way all through :
They could fight, but they could not parlez-
vous :

But the fields were green, and the sky was blue ;
Morbleu, Parbleu !
And so he got to Moscow.

They made the place too hot for him ;
For they set fire to Moscow.
To get there had cost him much ado,
And then no better course he knew,
While the fields were green, and the skies were
blue,
Morbleu, Parbleu !
Than to march back again from Moscow.

The Russians they stuck close to him,
All on the road from Moscow.
There was Tormazow, and Jermalow,
And all the others that end in ow ;
Rajesky, and Noveresky,
And all the others that end in esky ;
Schamsceff, Souchaneff, and Schepeleff,
And all the others that end in eff ;

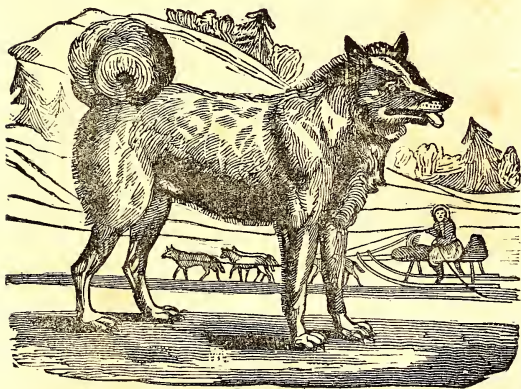
Wasitschikoff, Kostomaroff, and Tchoglokoﬀ,
And all the others that end in oﬀ;
Milaradovitch, and Jaladovitch, and Karatcho-
witch,
And all the others that end in itch;
Oscharoﬀsky, Kostoﬀsky, and Kazatichoﬀsky,
And all the others that end in oﬀsky.

And last of all an admiral came,*
A terrible man, with a terrible name —
A name which, you all must know very well,
Nobody can speak, and nobody can spell;
And Platoff, he played them oﬀ;
And Markoﬀ, he marked them oﬀ;
And Touchoﬀ, he touched them oﬀ;
And Kutusoff, he cut them oﬀ;
And Woronzoff, he worried them oﬀ;
And Dochteroﬀ, he doctored them oﬀ;
And Rodinoﬀ, he flogged them oﬀ.
They stuck close to him with all their might;
They were on the left, and on the right.
Nap would rather parlez-vous than fight;
But parlez-vous no more would do,
Morbleu, Parbleu !
For they remembered Moscow.

* Tschigoff.

And then came on the frost and snow,
All on the road to Moscow.
The Emperor Nap found, as he went,
He was not quite omnipotent.
And worse and worse the weather grew ;
The fields were so white, and the sky so blue
What a terrible journey from Moscow!

Southey



THE BOY AND THE EAGLE.

Boy.

EAGLE, eagle, who soarest high,
With broad-spread wing, and sharp, bright
eye, —
Eagle, eagle, I pray you tell,
Where is the nest, where your young ones
dwell.

EAGLE.

High on a cliff, advanced and bold,
Exposed to the north wind, strong and cold,
With labor and care my nest I build,
And guard it when with my young 'tis filled

Boy.

In your far-off nest, the wild cliffs among,
Where find you food to nourish your young?
The cliff is so high, and the rock is so bare,
No bird nor beast would venture there.

EAGLE.

My eye is keen, and my scent is strong,
And my prey I spy, as I float along
On my broad-spread wing, through the clear
 blue air ;
And I seize the young lamb, or the timid
 hare,
And away to my nest my prey I bear ;
And a store I keep for my young ones there
I must own my big nest is not very clean ;
But with rubbish and bones all full it is seen.

BOY.

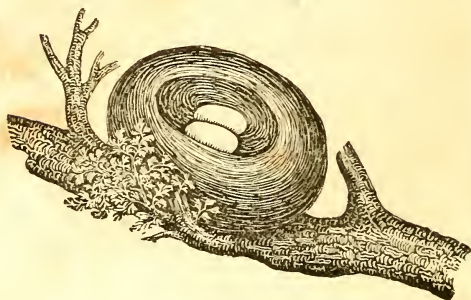
O mighty eagle, with bright, bright eye,
Who canst see so far and soar so high,
Year after year dost thou still live on,
Or closes thy life when the season is done ?

EAGLE.

O boy, scarce ten years have passed away
Since thy eyes were opened to see the day ;
But seven times ten years may come and be
 told,
And the stout, strong eagle will not grow old

Boy.

Well, old brown eagle, I bid you good by ;
Fly off to your nest so lonely and high ;
Though near its lone circle I care not to come,
Yet there are your young ones, and dear is
your home.





E M M A .

[A STORY FROM THE FRENCH.]

EMMA had always been a very happy little girl. She was very much beloved, not only by her parents, but all the rest of the family; and even strangers, who came to visit her father and mother, were pleased with her sweet temper and obliging manners. No one spoke of her but to praise her, and there never was a word said about her which could have given her pain.

Emma was enjoying all the happiness which might be expected from such a sweet temper, when a great misfortune happened to her. Her father and mother were taken very sick. Their beds were both placed in one room, and were only separated by the chair of Emma, who passed the whole day in attendance upon them. It was surprising how much she, although quite young, was able to assist the

nurse who had the care of them. These attentions from their little daughter did a great deal to enable them to bear their sickness, and made it seem much less tedious to them. At last they recovered ; but her father still remained somewhat lame, and her mother's eyes had become so much weakened by her long sickness, that though she was not quite blind, she could hardly distinguish objects. Emma was sadly grieved to see her father and mother suffer so much ; but she did all she could to appear calm in their presence, that she might not make them feel sad. She never was tired when she could render them any little service. " Come, papa," she would say, " a little turn about the chamber will do you good. Lean upon my shoulder, and do not be afraid of hurting me. When I was very little, and could not walk alone, you were so good as to carry me : it is now my turn to support you." She would say to her mother, " Let me wait upon you, mamma, and hand you every thing you want. When I could not do any thing for myself, you used to feed me with your own hand. Now there is nothing I love so well, as to run of errands for you, to read amusing books to you, to sew for you ; and I hope soon to be

able to make all your dresses for you : you shall wear nothing but of my making."

How different was this from the habit I have seen some children indulge, of being out of humor if they are asked to do any little errand for their father or mother ! They cannot think, as Emma did, of how much their parents had done for them, before they were able to do any thing for themselves.

When Emma grew up to be old enough, she was married to a very good man, who loved her parents tenderly, and did all he could to assist her in comforting and amusing them.

When she had children of her own, she brought them to see her father and mother very often, and their prattling and sports were a great pleasure to their grandparents. These children grew up to be as good as their mother, by receiving her lessons, and profiting by her example ; so that, when she became old, and unable to move about quickly, or see clearly, they took great pains to do every thing to make her age pass happily, as she had done for her parents.



BOYS AND KITE.

THE KITE.

JAMES and William went to take a walk. They had made themselves a noble kite. They had a grand large ball of twine; and when they reached a good place, they made all their preparations to fly it. James mounted a little mound, and William waited until there came a good breeze, when he ran forward, returned, stopped, pulled the twine; and at last up it went to a very great height. Then they sent up a messenger, a little round card slipped on the twine, which ran up the string till it reached the kite. At last it was lost in the air. Suddenly a current of wind seized it; it whirled about; a light rain had wet it; it fell at their feet all in pieces. "I bet," said James, "that it has cracked open a cloud." "No," said his father; "it has mounted too high, and has ruined itself. So take care, boys: wherever chance or your own wits place you, keep, if you can, in the middle. between too high and too low."

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BRIGHTER than the rising day,
When the sun of glory shines;
Brighter than the diamond's ray,
Sparkling in Golconda's mines;
Beaming through the clouds of woe,
Smiles in Mercy's diadem
On the guilty world below,
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

When our eyes are dimmed with tears,
This can light them up again,
Sweet as music to our ears,
Faintly warbling o'er the plain.
Never shines a ray so bright
From the purest earthly gem;
O! there is no soothing light
Like the Star of Bethlehem.

Grief's dark clouds may o'er us roll,
Every heart may sink in woe,

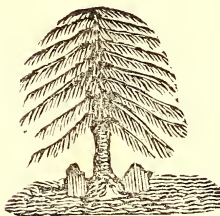
Gloomy conscience rack the soul,
And sorrow's tears in torrents flow ;
Still, through all these clouds and storms,
Shines this pure, this heavenly gem,
With a ray that kindly warms —
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

When we cross the roaring wave
That rolls on life's remotest shore ,
When we look into the grave,
And wander through this world no more ;
This, the lamp whose genial ray,
Like some brightly-glowing gem,
Points to man his darkling way —
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

Let the world be sunk in sorrow,
Not an eye be charmed or blessed ;
We can see a fair to-morrow
Smiling in the rosy west ;
This, her beacon, Hope displays ;
For in Mercy's diadem
Shines, with Faith's serenest rays,
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

When this gloomy life is o'er,
When we smile in bliss above,

When, on that delightful shore,
We enjoy the heaven of love,—
O! what dazzling light shall shine
Round salvation's purest gem!
O, what rays of love divine
Gild the Star of Bethlehem!



THE PARTS OF SPEECH.

INTERJECTION.

THE sounds which little children make,
 When first they find themselves awake
 Are always interjections ;
Oh ! Ah ! or *Ma !* is all they say ;
 But these, when they begin to play,
 Oft meet with some rejections.

NOUN.

They next begin to name their friend,
 And things and places ; all which tend
 To tell of mighty noun.
 Great stores of fancies it may bring ;
 A noun — it may be any thing,
 A person or a town.

ADJECTIVE.

To adjectives great thanks we owe ;
 The qualities of nouns they show,
 And their degrees compare ;

By them you may express your mind,
Say *good* or *bad*, as you're inclined ;
Or *witty*, *wise*, or *fair*.

VERB.

And now, we see, they soon discern
The different kinds of verbs to learn —
The active, passive, neuter.
To *speak*, to *think*, to *love*, to *run*,
Are verbs, as well as what is done
At present and in future.

PRONOUN.

And when they speak of Frank and Tom,
And wish, though these are names not long
To avoid a repetition,
The pronoun *he* will do instead ;
Or, if it is a thing they need,
It stands in requisition.

CONJUNCTION.

Conjunction is a kind of thing,
Which, like a piece of silk or string,
Ties sentences together ;
Thus, James *and* John are very good,
And they shall go to Primrose Wood,
If it be pleasant weather.

PREPOSITION.

A preposition serves to show
Relation between things, you know.

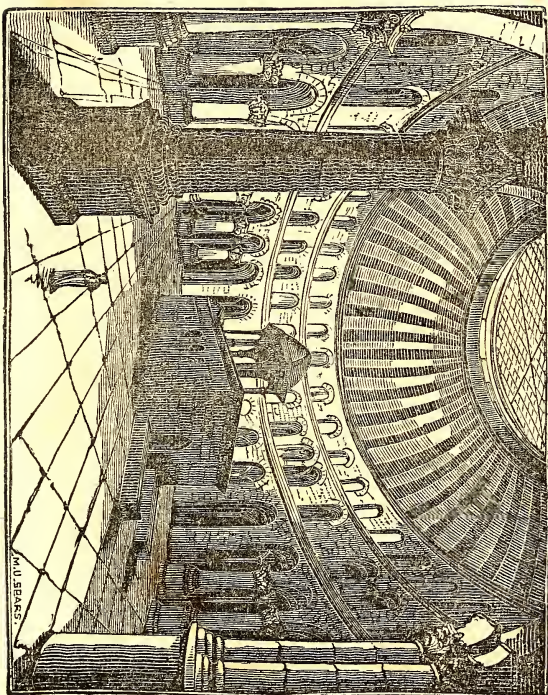
If *in*, or *by*, or *near*,
You before noun or pronoun place,
Its meaning you distinctly trace,
And make the sentence clear

ADVERB.

Some words are of another kind,
To help you to express your mind,
And often end in *ly*.
To adjectives they lend their aid —
Adverb's the name — don't be afraid ;
You'll learn it if you try.

ARTICLE.

Last come the little particles
Grammarians call the articles ;
They're only *the* and *a*.
Now, Frank, if you will learn this rhyme,
I shall not have misspent my time ;
Then you may go and play.



THE SKY-LARK

Two little birds, before they were strong enough to fly, one day climbed up the side of the nest, and were playing there together, when they jostled against each other, and both fell over on the grass. The nest was built at no great distance from the ground, but they were little weak creatures, and did not know what to do to get themselves back into their nest again. The father and mother of the little birds had gone away to get food for them, and there was no one near to help them home. They scrambled about, as well as they could, but only got farther and farther from the place in which they wished to be.

While they were in this trouble, a little boy came along with his mother : he saw the little birds, and said, " O, mamma, I want these little birds very much ; may I pick them up ? " " Yes, my dear Charles," said she ; " though I think it is very cruel to take little birds out of their

nests, and carry them away from their mother, yet, as I do not see the nest where these poor little creatures belong, and as they are in danger of being trodden upon if they remain on the ground here, I am willing that you should take them and carry them home, if you will promise me to take good care of them." Charles promised to take all the care he could of them. He kept his word ; he ran towards the little birds, picked them up very carefully, that he might not hurt them, and walked gayly home with his little family.

When he reached his room, he put his two birds into a cage, made them a little nest in one corner as well as he could, and offered them, on the end of a tooth-pick, crumbs of bread soaked very soft, and pounded seeds. The little birds liked this treatment very well. Charles was much pleased with feeding them ; and one of the birds, having no one to tell him when he had eaten enough, kept eating and eating, until, either from the great quantity he swallowed, or the injury he received in tumbling out of the nest, he died.

Charles was very sorry to lose his little plaything ; but he was very careful not to feed the other bird too much, and he had soon the pleas-

ure to see the little fellow grow finely, become covered with feathers, and able to feed himself.

• You wish to know, I dare say, what sort of bird this was. I do not mean to keep it a secret, as you may judge if you look back to the picture at the beginning of the story. It was a sky-lark, and I do not believe you ever saw a more amiable little fellow of his kind. He seemed fond of little Charles, would come near the side of the cage when he was looking at it; and if Charles opened the door of the cage, he would hop on his hand or his shoulder, and show him that he loved and trusted him; in fact, he did every thing to please his friend which a little bird could do, except one; — he did not sing well; the sad noise he made was not at all pleasing.

Charles said one day to his mother, “Mamma, what do you think is the reason my little bird will not sing any better? I thought larks were the finest singers in the world. Do you think it is because he has not had any one to give him his music lessons, since he was forced, poor fellow, to leave his mother so early?”

“It may be so, my dear; but I do not know much about this kind of bird. What if you should run into the library, and bring me the

volume of Buffon which tells about birds? Perhaps he will give us some information about it."

Charles went and brought the book, as his mother desired him. She looked for the account of the lark, and read to him this sentence: —

"Their music in confinement is much inferior to what it is when they are at liberty. The music, indeed, of any bird in captivity, creates no pleasing sensations; it is but the mirth of a little animal insensible of its unfortunate situation; it is the landscape, the grove, the golden break of day, the contest on the hawthorn, the fluttering from branch to branch, the soaring in the air, and the answering of its young, that gives the bird's song its true relish."

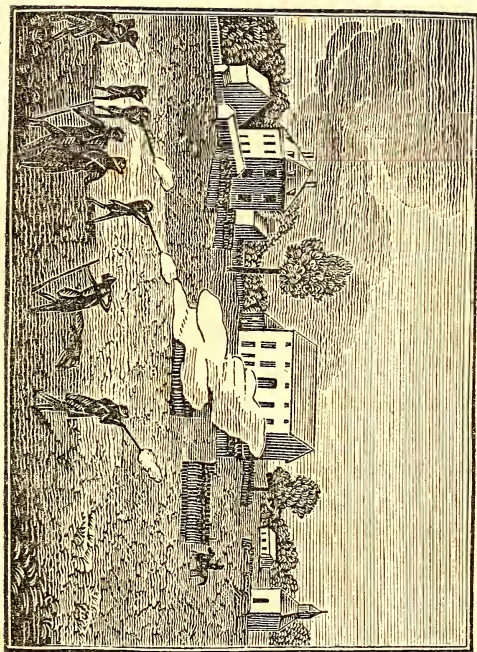
Charles looked at his mother, without speaking, for a moment after she had done reading. He then drew a long breath, and said, "I do not understand, exactly, all the words in the sentence you have just read to me, but I think I know what Mr. Buffon means. I believe he means that my bird does not love to be shut up in the cage, and that he cannot sing there. So, if you think I am right, I will take the little fellow out to-morrow morning as soon as

I am up, which will be soon after the sun is, and then I will stand upon the old stump in the meadow, and let my hand remain open, and see what he will do."

His mother told him he was a good little boy, to give up so willingly the pleasure he had in watching the little bird, when he found that the little bird was not so happy as he would be in the open air.

The next morning Charles did as he had promised his mother. The bird fluttered for a few moments on his hand, as if to try the strength of his wings, and then soared up to a very great height in the clear blue sky, and, as he went, poured forth such a song of gladness and melody, that the little boy felt that his little friend needed no music-teacher but the fresh morning air, and the feeling of freedom.

When he returned home, and met his mother at breakfast, he told her what he had done, and said, "I believe my little lark felt as happy as I do, when I have done my lesson, and you say to me, 'Now take a good run, Charles' "



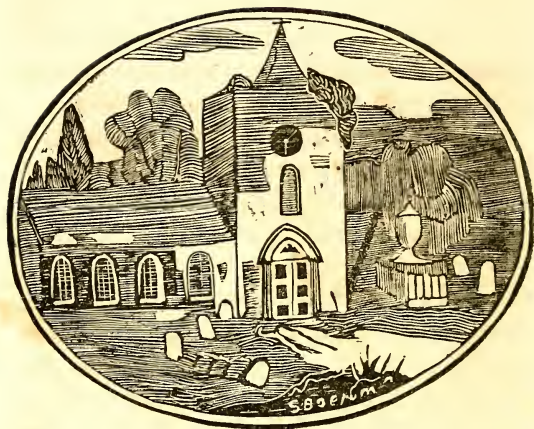
THE BATTLE OF CONCORD

ON the 18th of April, 1775, General Gage, the commander of the British troops, despatched a body of eight or nine hundred soldiers to destroy the military stores which had been collected at Concord, a town about eighteen miles from Boston. Having reached Lexington, six miles distant from Concord, they were met by a company of militia, who had hastily assembled from the different villages on the first alarm. It was about sunrise. The British advanced at quick march to within a few rods, when Major Pitcairn called out in a loud voice, "Disperse, you rebels ; throw down your arms, and disperse."

Their number was too small to risk a battle. While they were dispersing, the British shouted, and, by a discharge from their ranks, killed and wounded several men. They then renewed their march to Concord, where they destroyed a few articles of military stores, and

sixty barrels of flour. The militia-men had now collected in considerable numbers. Being enraged at the loss of their companions, they made a bold and furious attack on the enemy, and drove them back to Lexington. Hearing of the situation of his troops, General Gage sent a large number of men, with two field-pieces, to their assistance. The united forces amounted to about eighteen hundred men.

In their retreat, the regular troops were pursued with the utmost activity. From the cover of trees and stone walls, the farmers were able to kill many of the king's troops. Their situation through the day was very hazardous, and it is wonderful that so many escaped. They reached Charlestown about seven in the evening, much fatigued, with the loss of two hundred and seventy-three killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. The next day they entered Boston.



CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

AFTER our Savior was crucified, a good man, named Joseph, sent to Pilate, the Roman governor, and begged the body of Jesus, that he might lay it in his own new tomb. It was in a garden. The tomb had been hewn out of the rock, and no man had ever been lain in it. A stone was rolled to close the mouth of the sepulchre. A guard was placed by the Roman governor, to see that his disciples did not come by night and steal him away; and Mary, his mother, sat over the sepulchre watching it.

On the third day after his burial, the stone was rolled away from the door of the sepulchre; he came forth alive, and appeared to Mary and to his disciples. He talked with them, and ate with them, and showed them that it was necessary that Christ should suffer, and after that he should rise from the dead. After many days, he ascended to heaven, to his Father and our Father, to his God and our God.

This was to teach us that, when we die, if we believe in Jesus and do as he taught us, we shall not remain in the grave, but be raised up, even as he was raised up. And when our friends die, and we lay their bodies in the grave, we can feel that their spirits have gone with Jesus to the presence of their Father in heaven, where we may hope to meet them.

For some time after the ascension of Jesus, the number of those who believed in him, and who probably loved to go and visit the place where he was laid, was small; but in process of time, the word of God grew and prevailed, and spread over a considerable part of the world. Then people used to go from different countries to see the place where Jesus lay; and at last a church was built as near as possible to the place where he was buried, called the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

The original church was said to have been built by the Empress Helena, a Christian princess; but this was destroyed by fire. It was rebuilt partly by members of the Roman, and partly by those of the Greek church. This church is now standing, and the picture opposite represents the inside of it, as it is described by modern travellers.





